

I can remember after leaving old Central School, it was always an extreme pleasure to pass Miss Wells on the street or wave to her in her Chevy. Like all teachers in those wonderful simple days, Miss Wells never forgot a student who had attended her classes. At about this time, one could hope to be assigned to the Schoolboy Patrol. The official brassard and badge were evidence you had been designated to provide additional safety at the nearby crosswalks, but more important the assignment allowed you to dawdle back to school well after "last bell" had rung.

At Central School students lined up alphabetically (by class) and marched into the school building two by two. My marching companion was one of two sisters who were matriculating together despite a slight difference in ages. I was neither overjoyed nor upset with my marching partner; she was always friendly and really caused no emotion one way or another. At about the time we moved to junior high, my marching partner moved to a larger nearby city and I did not see her for perhaps two or three years. When I did see her again she had turned into a stunning beauty--the absolute top rung of the beauty ladder at her new larger school. A weak attempt to talk with her brought a stare that was pure ice water and I shuffled off thoroughly convinced that she didn't even remember her marching partner. There is no moral to the story; I only mention it as an example of memory and what we choose to retain in the old cerebral computer.

I believe my next teacher was Miss Lincoln. "No-nonsense Miss Lincoln" might better describe her. If memory serves anywhere near correct, she had an all-consuming interest in literature and I believe successfully transferred some of her enthusiasm to the class. She will be best-remembered by most of us boys for owning a fraternity hazing paddle. She kept the paddle under one of the 1" x 4"s which the rows of desks were bolted to. Miss Lincoln possessed a classic-type beauty. I suspect she was a true beauty at college with her natural fine bone structure in the tradition of the movie stars of the time (she reminded me somewhat of Joan Crawford). I remember her keeping me after school with some other boys when we thought it would be a great idea to steal her fraternity paddle. She promised us -- everyone -- that when she got her paddle back we would be the first to feel its sting. We eventually recovered the paddle (out of her file cabinet) and she threatened but never actually used this fearsome weapon on us. If Miss Lincoln forgave us, no one would ever even assume you could expect such a reprieve from the Principal.

The principal of Central School was Miss Forbes and God help you if you were sent to the principal's office! Miss Forbes terrified all the boys; even the class bullies sought a change in behavior when threatened with a visit to Miss Forbes and her legendary willow whip. All, except one, that is; the boy who was to be our student body president as we